Volume LXXVIII CHICAGO, January 11, 1917 Number 19

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

AMERICA—materialistic, but not to the core; incurably idealistic, religious in its perpetual self-criticism, sordid, but struggling against it; and never more than to-day, where it is almost engulfed in Wealth and in danger of dying of fatty degeneration of the pocket-book. Intolerant still, but striving to be tolerant; narrow, but yearning for breadth of sympathy; nationalistic but travailing in pain to give birth to something greater than itself.

—*Edward A. Steiner*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXVIII THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1917 Number 19

SONNET

I take the slur of "peace at any price"
And wear it unashamed with Him, who, when
He was reviled, reviled not again,
But prayed for brutish men who cast their dice
Upon his blood-stained garments, whose foul cries
Mocked his great gift of life their narrow ken
Perceived not,—rendering up his soul for men
To God, a free, obedient sacrifice.

I count Him strong, who rendered good for ill,
Love for despite; I count He overcame
The world, and proved the glory of God's will,
The invincibility of faith, the claim
Of love to love; I reckon He indeed
Was free, and by his spirit men are freed.

"Peace Sonnets." —*Jessie Wiseman Gibbs.*

A correspondent writes:

A good execution of low ideals needs only a passing praise, for it has no place in the execution of moral purification. The highest grade of art deserves perpetuation only when it depicts with perfect execution the higher ideals.

This is a canon of art too much overlooked. To waste superior artistic ability in interpreting inferior phases of life and passing emotions is a profligacy more profane than the spending of good money for that which feeds base instincts and passing pleasures.

A parable of disarmament—all but the application from *Tid-Bits*: "The Town Council of a small Scotch community met to inspect a site for a new hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day a member suggested that they should leave their coats there.

" 'Some one can stay behind and watch them,' suggested another.

" 'What for?' demanded a third. 'If we are all going out together, what need is there for anyone to watch the clothes?' "—*Christian Commonwealth.*

Victor Yarros, in *Reedy's Mirror* of January 5th, has a two-column article which reports from a London paper the "confessions and recantations of eminent men and women" under the head of "My Changed Opinions." Bernard Shaw is the only one who declares his opinions unchanged. Of course the human mind often exemplifies contradiction. Sir Robert Pierce has come to believe in the beneficent effects of war, and Mr. Yarros suggests that it should be continued for two or three years more for the sake of its "beneficent effects." Two former free traders cannot now contemplate the re-establishment of trade relations with Germany "without disgust and indignation." Two professional authors state that "War has removed the fear of death." Rebecca West says: "War has confirmed me in Socialism." The conclusion of the whole matter, according to Mr. Yarros, is that the thoughtful did not need the terrible object lesson, the shallow have apparently derived no intellectual or moral benefit from it.

If reported aright by the papers, even President Lowell of Harvard College, in his address delivered at the banquet given in Chicago last week in the interest of the League to Enforce Peace, seems to think that because people always have fought, they always will fight, that the war justifies the expectation of future wars, as though man is not a progressive animal, a being capable of improvement; as if history does not prove that great deposits of the brute in human form have been eliminated and brutal things are being left behind.

It is hard for the United States to realize its neighbor, Canada. The strange disturber of perspective, a political boundary, draws a dead line of interest and intelligence where none should exist. The United States has been growing patriotic over its triumph in temperance. We have flaunted the white map as a triumph of our democracy, little realizing that the whole of the vast Dominion of Canada is about to go dry. Already the white Canadian map reaches from coast to coast. The story of this rapid triumph is told in detail in the *Survey* for January 6th.

At last it is promised that Wilfrid Wilson Gibson is to become a tangible personality to the friends who have learned to love him for his work in America, and the many more friends who need to know him. John Haynes Holmes in the *Survey* for January 6th makes a real contribution both to the lover of poetry and to the friend of labor in his introduction of this "poet of trench and of tenement," with its impressive portrait. This notice is a compelling introduction to the works of this young poet already published: *Daily Bread,* 1912; *Fires,* 1912; *Womenkind,* 1913; *Borderlands and Thoroughfares,* 1914; *Battles,* 1916. Mr.

Gibson's tour through the United States ought to appeal not only to lovers of poetry, but to students of economics and the grim realities of war as well.

Reedy's Mirror has a sarcastic "Hurrah for Ignorance!" because Missouri Democracy wants to get rid of Doctor A. Ross Hill, the eminently successful president of the State University, forsooth they want the institution as a part of the "Democratic machine spoils system." Of course "Education is the most dangerous enemy of such a machine." "A university is good only in so far as it provides jobs for the faithful party hacks," and still, under the administration of Doctor Hill, the University of Missouri is staving to the front as a great institution of learning, a maker of men and women. The result of the movement is to be watched.

Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, who has promised to emigrate from the United States to London in the Spring to take up his work in London, has a sermon in the *Christian Commonwealth* of December 26th on "The Geometry of God," which is a striking blend of science and religion. Pythagoras is not often quoted among the prophets, even by believers in universal religion, but when he declared that the "world is a living arithmetic" he came to a fundamental truth. The whole gospel of justice is involved in the multiplication table. Says this modern preacher:

> Take a snowflake and look at it under a glass, and you will see what filled that ancient thinker with wonder. It is an exquisite example of the geometry of God—squares, circles, triangles, pentagons, hexagons, parallelograms, more exact and delicate than the deftest hand could trace.

The leading article in the *Survey* for January 9th is one calculated to make the soul sick. The details of women's and girls' life in shops are always distressing, but when the details are concerning the 4,000 women and girls who are engaged in the gruesome business of making shells, cartridges and other devices for the mangling of men, the very process of manufacture being charged with death—blood-poisoning and explosions being constantly in the mind of employer and employe—and when these devilish devices of modern science are being manufactured with a supreme indifference as to where they are going and whom they are going to kill, the situation is still more gruesome. The article in question describes with text and illustration the life of the women munition makers in the Remington Cartridge Company's works at Bridgeport, Connecticut. The only justification for the industry in the mind of both women and the employers of women is that there is money in it. Business makes work, work brings wages, and wages bring bread. What then? "No matter." "Who cares?" "It's none of our business." Is it none of our business?

Professor Tufts of the University of Chicago, in the January number of the *Woman's City Club Bulletin,* lists with some words of explanation the six important bills that are to be offered to the Legislature of Illinois, convening this week, by the Illinois Commission for Social Legislation, as follows:

> 1. Bill seeking a substitute for the Loan Shark method with persons seeking small loans, enabling worthy borrowers of small sums to secure relief for legal interest and not to be dependent as now oftentimes, on institutions that ask from forty to one hundred per cent per month.
> 2. An improvement of jail conditions in this state, and more human handling of those awaiting trial, offering a state farm as the best solution of the problem.
> 3. The codification and revision of all legislation referring to children.
> 4. An eight hour law for all women workers.
> 5. More stringent regulations concerning institutions that seek the confidence of the public.
> 6. Health insurance regulations.

This committee cannot be accused of being dilatory. The propositions are presented to the Legislature in its earlier days. Judging from past experience, it is safe to predict that some of the cases will fail of recognition on the old plea of "lack of time," and the "crowded condition of the calendar."

The following topics for eight sermons on "Lives that have Lighted the Centuries," "illustrating the faith of full grown men in the religion of deeds," is an invitation to a course of reading as well as to a course of lecturing. We commend the list just published by Mr. Burns of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to the consideration of the people who say they can do better by reading good books at home than to waste time going to church. Suppose they try to utilize the Sunday morning church hour by following up this or a better course of Sunday reading:

"BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX"
A Saint of Blood and Iron.

"FRANCIS OF ASSISI"
Saintly heretic; Man of the people.

"GEORGE FOX"
Unconquered hero of defeat.

"JOHN KNOX"
Before whose word thrones shook.

"EMANUEL SWEDENBORG" (Stockholm)
"He comes to land who sails with me"
Swedenborg.

"WILLIAM LAW"
"A Serious Call" to a new righteousness.

"JOSEPH MAZZINI"
Prophet of the New Italy.

"CHARLES KINGSLEY"
"A man of untarnished honour—
Loyal and Chivalrous, gentle and strong—."

"Is Christianity a Growing Force in the World?"

Frederick Lynch, in the *Christian Work* of January 6th, gives an interesting epitome of an extended discussion in the *Christian Commonwealth* of London of the question: "Is Christianity a Growing Force in the World?" We wish there was space to epitomize Doctor Lynch's epitome, for there is an interesting consensus of opinion that the question demands a discussion. Christianity must be defined before the answer can be given. They all agree, to quote Doctor Lynch, "that the life of the world is not in materialism." Equally clear is it that the Christianity that is a growing force in the world is "not a doctrine but a person, not a creed but a life." There also seems to be agreement that "Christianity has never really been applied to some of the most important departments of life, especially to industry, commerce, trade and international relations." Also that there is a difference "between the Christianity of Christ and that of the churches."

Doctor Adeney, the learned churchman of England, says: "The old stiff forms of the church must be broken through, and a straighter line taken for the purpose of the kingdom of God. The churches have been too self-contained and too self-centered."

Israel Zangwill, the Jew, says: "Christianity proper has never been a force in the world since Constantine made it a state religion."

Doctor A. C. Benson thinks the press has greatly misrepresented the national feeling and spirit. "Many instinctive Christians do not call themselves by that name, but reject decisively the ecclesiastical traditions."

H. G. Wells thinks "Christianity is a declining force in the world. The world is finding its way to God in spite of the intervention of the Christian churches. Men are becoming more merciful, honest, faithful, socially more conscious of the claims of others, independently of the church."

Canon Bonney finds in the abolition of slavery the diminishing of drunkenness, and of the sins of the flesh, evidence of Christian growth. On the other hand, for some years before the war pleasure-loving and the pursuit of money were on the increase.

Sir Oliver Lodge says: "Christianity has flourished in individual souls and borne fruit, but for the ills of the world itself, it is almost an untried panacea."

F. W. Pethick-Lawrence gives an unhesitating No. "The churches attract fewer people and play a less part in the life of the nation than ever before. There is no leadership, no vision, and merely the lip-homage of formal belief. . . . People are vaguely groping after a wider spiritual conception. The mutual interdependence of the human family, the oneness of all living things with a common source in God, is dimly perceived. When these spiritual ideas take definite shape in thought and word and action, it will be found that they embody the everlasting truths enunciated by Christ."

G. Bernard Shaw is afraid "we are losing ground owing to the automatic persecution of it which our commercial system produces." He thinks that the fact that "it has not been totally extinguished and that the *Commonwealth* is able to ask questions about it without making itself ridiculous, is proof of its miraculous character."

No opinion offered is more ringing, forward looking and incisive than that of the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh. "If the central thought of Christianity is human brotherhood, based on what Christ taught us of the Fatherhood of God, may we not hope that even out of this cataclysm there may be born a new revelation of the will of God concerning Humanity? Any future charter of human liberty will rest on the idea that there is more good in others than we dreamt, and that we are in the truest sense 'members of one another.' The world is not made but only in the making, and those who say that Christianity is a failure are only judging of half-done work."

Ellen Key of Sweden says: "The failure of Christianity is a tragic fact. It has not found a way of living on terms of equality, fraternity and fellowship. Hatred, cruelty, greed, and jealousy are stronger than ever. The proof of this is that ministers of the Christian church are preaching hate. Some of them openly confess that the teaching of Christ cannot be allowed to influence the state. Jesus of Nazareth has been crucified afresh by the church. He was only obeyed by the first generations of Christians."

To Dean Weldon is given the last place in Doctor Lynch's roll, and when he says that in the war "the one redeeming feature is the Red Cross," he strikes the weakest note, the one least complimentary to Christianity, in the whole symposium. If Christianity can do no more than patch up broken bodies and feed the starving, without grappling with the problem of stopping the devastation that tears bodies and renders barren fertile acres, it does not do much, and cannot claim the respect and confidence of a growing world.

"A TANGLED THREAD."

Some daily themes, this fact we must allow,
Are oftentimes far-fetched and dearly bought;
But what should we expect from knitted brow,
Excepting this, a tangled thread of thought?

Shelbyville, Indiana. ALONZO LEORA RICE.

THE PULPIT

Annual Review—1916

A Sermon Preached December 31, 1916, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

In the presence of the sublime realities of the hour, burdened heavily with its burdens, suffering from its suffering, may we still, Father, turn our face to the future and see a radiance breaking through the darkness, a lining to the black clouds. May we, firmly planted in the past, renew our faith in the future. May we, facing the awful revelations of passion, greed and cruelty, sink the plummets of our faith into the deeper subsoil of the human heart where mother love and father care and fireside fellowships abide for aye. In the largeness of history may we dare look hopefully forward and face the tasks, and assume the duties that await us. May this hour, Father, prepare us for life's joys as well as life's sorrows. Amen.

Following the custom, established for forty-six years, I believe, with but one exception, I bring to you this morning, as the subject of my sermon study, the year Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen. What has it left in our life of new capital with which to start out on the adventure of 1917?

True radicalism lies in in-rooting, not up-rooting. It is a search for fundamentals, and logically it is in the habit of reverently studying the past, devoutly seeking wisdom out of experience that thus armed and renewed it may better discharge the obligations of the future.

Tenderly, then, as we look back on the year 1916, we remember the prophets, the sages, the helpers who have gone to their reward.

In the field of letters, we have lost Henry James, a long interpreter of life in fiction; Whitcomb Riley, the poet of the fireside, the poet-laureate of children; Jeannette Gilder, she who took up not only her own task but that of her brother, Richard Watson Gilder, when he laid down his work a few years ago, and has since been the life and directing power of *The Century;* John T. Trowbridge, once the children's delight; Richard Harding Davis; Jack London, the man who climbed through Socialism into literature; Madison Cawein, the poet of the out-of-doors of Kentucky; Emil Verhaeren, Belgium's second greatest poet; Henry Sienkiewicz, the great master mind of Poland; Henry Wallace, the great farm editor of Iowa, who out of fifteen years' experience in the pulpit became for many years the inspirer and guide of the farming host; William Hayes Ward, the preacher editor of the *Independent;* George W. Smiley, for many years London correspondent of the *New York Tribune,* who in the functions of a reporter revealed the ability of a statesman.

There have died in the educational world: Dr. James B. Angell, thirty-five years the president of Michigan University; Timothy Dwight, ex-president of Yale; Susan Blow, the mother of kindergartens, particularly in the West: three venerable sheaves gathered in the harvest field of 1916, so venerable that their presence continues in their respective departments to work when their tongues are silenced. Their *emeritus* was more profound perhaps than their instituted work; Hugo Münsterberg, Germany's gift to the United States, who in his sincerity and frankness taught tolerance where it failed to carry conviction. He brought unsullied glory upon Harvard University when the administration refused many millions of additional endowment because it was offered on condition that this professor from Germany should be dismissed from his charge. Here was one institution, at least, which demonstrated that it could not be bought with money, even though the money ran parallel with the dominant conviction of the administration. In making out the balance sheet of 1916 let it be well known that Harvard University stood for academic freedom even though it ran counter to public opinion, local convictions and immense financial interests. Dr. Percival Lowell, the astronomer at Flagstaff, one who lived on familiar terms with Mars, who thought he could almost see our neighbors, has left us, the uninitiated, to expect that some day we can hear them.

In the realms of religion, leaders of morals and social reforms, we have lost Josiah Strong, the pioneer in civic interpretations of religion; Benjamin Franklin Trueblood, the peace advocate in whom there was no guile nor compromise, a man who believed that the message of peace as enunciated by Hugo Grotius, Erasmus, Ladd, Elihu Burrit, William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker and Victor Hugo, was the message of the hour, and that now if ever it needs enunciation. Benjamin Trueblood was for many years the voice of the American Peace Society. Again I say, he was one in whom there was no guile nor compromise.

Benjamin Fay Mills of many fames; Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, the efficient successor of Dr. Bellows in the city pulpit in New York; the well beloved Bishop John Lancaster Spaulding of Peoria, a Catholic who somehow succeeded in standing on the forefront of the battle line on many subjects; Inez Milholland Boissevain, the champion of women, have ceased their labors. These are some of the losses, may I not say some of the permanent gains as well, of the year, for their contributions are sure.

Two names stand out in the business world in my mind at this time conspicuously, James J. Hill and Hettie Green. Hill, a magnificent exponent of creative wealth, Hettie Green a conspicuous triumph in mere acquisitiveness, the mere getting. Comparisons and contrasts are unnecessary.

Royalty mourns the loss of the venerable King of Austria, who wore his crown for sixty-eight years; Queen Elizabeth went down before grief came to her beloved Roumania.

Only two names in the military record impinge upon my mind at this time. One who was larger than his commission, greater than sword or buttons could make him. There was a great soul behind the successful commander, Lord Kitchener. Hiram Maxim, Americo-Anglican, devoted his wonderfully creative brain to the scientific problem of destruction. He made war more terrible, without, as he hoped, limiting its scope in time or in space.

Here at home in Chicago we have lost William J. Calhoun, a national, perhaps I ought to say an international name in American diplomacy; Dr. John B. Murphy and Dr. Henry B. Favill, men who through eminent achievement in their chosen profession of medicine found strength and power to greatly serve their day and generation in civic ways; Catherine Goggin, who deserved more intelligent confidence and respect than I fear she received; my old friend and Chi-

cago's venerable citizen, Samuel S. Greeley, and lastly, my neighbor and colleague, who made my thirty-six years of service in the ministry of Chicago seem brief compared to his fifty-six years of faithful pastorate, the venerable Bishop Charles E. Cheney, who laid down his task in the eighty-first year of his age.

In our own immediate church circle, I hesitate in naming lest I omit beloved and faithful ones, but it is a part of the benediction of these closing hours of the old year to remember those who have been of us but who are with us no more: Mrs. Susan Blake, Mrs. Earnest J. Foord, William Bradford Main, Charles A. Beck, Mrs. Kissam Tyng, Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, just yesterday, Mrs. Clover, and, earlier, he who guided us in our singing and devotions for twenty-five years, William ApMadoc. It is a solemn joy to think of this increasing line. Let us speak their names tenderly.

My habit of venturing into the domain of literature and of speaking of the books of the year in this annual review, has become more and more pretentious, consequently less and less necessary, because this work is done so much better by the reviewers in newspapers and magazines. I venture to speak only of such books as have impinged upon my mind and found their way onto my table and upon my shelves.

Of course the inevitable books of the year have been those dealing with the war problem. Perhaps the commanding one is H. G. Wells' "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through." Following hard after comes Francis Neilson's "How Diplomats Make War" and "A Strong Man's House," all three of them revealing the inside life of England, and, as I believe, the ameliorating conditions. The hero of Mr. Wells' book ends in trying to send consolation to the bereaved German mother. Romain Rolland's "Above the Battle" and Bertrand Russell's "Justice in War Times" carry the reader along the same line. George Nasmyth's "Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory," John Haynes Holmes' "New Wars for Old," Frederic C. Howe's "Why War?" Washington Gladden's "Forks of the Road," Frederick Lynch's "The Challenge," "The Ethical and Religious Problems of the War," a series of addresses edited by J. Estlin Carpenter, Simon Nelson Patten's "Culture and War," Professor Hull's careful and academic study of "Preparedness," Allan L. Benson's "Inviting War to America," "Nationality and Empire," by Bipin Chandra Pal, Max Eastman's "Understanding Germany," Harriet B. Bradbury's "Civilization and Womanhood," and Ellen Key's searching and splendid study of "War, Peace and the Future," are all books that help redeem the times and renew our faith in progress. For if there are a few left who from the highlands of human nature can speak words of encouragement to the multitude below, there is hope for the armies of peace and the battalions of love.

In speaking of the war books, my acknowledgments are due to the friends and co-laborers who have extended my voice and increased my audience through my little book on "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." Thanks to the generosity of two friends in this congregation and the co-operation of the Church Peace Union in New York, twenty-five hundred copies have been printed. Over fifteen hundred copies have already been distributed among legislators, teachers and editors and the response has been reassuring to those who believe that war is a self-eliminating disease in the spiritual life of man. It is the nature of the soul to weary of hatred and to become more and more enamored of love.

If I were to perpetuate the delusive classification that sets off by themselves "books on religion," I must mention with personal gratitude the following works: "The Religion of Experience," by my neighbor, Horace J. Bridges, lecturer of the Chicago Ethical Culture Society, one who is ordinarily classed outside the Christian pale. He has come splendidly to the defense of Church and Bible, the thought of God and the Man of Nazareth. Alfred W. Martin, another member of the Ethical Society fellowship, has reinforced our "Faith in a Future Life." "The Origin and Growth of the Hebrew Religion," by Professor Henry Thatcher Fowler of Brown University, "A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion," a series of learned essays covering a wide field, edited by Professor Gerald B. Smith of the University of Chicago, and "The Psychology of Religion," by Prof. George Albert Coe, are books which present the latest conclusions of science and present day interpretations of religion as reflected in the thought of our times. The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, busy pastor of a Brooklyn Church, has given us sympathetic studies of "The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford, John Wycliffe, John Wesley and John Henry Newman." "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," by Henry B. Rankin, who was office boy in the law office at Springfield, and "The Confessions of an Hyphenated American," the last book from the pen of Professor Edward A. Steiner, "The Long Road of Woman's Memory," by Jane Addams, and Scott Nearing's latest book, "Poverty and Riches," a study of the industrial regime, are all kindling books, contributions to the larger patriotism, reinforcements to the international mind.

New books in poetry. The beauty of the poetry is lost in the intensity of the lines found in Percy MacKaye's humiliating drama of "The Immigrants" and Hauptmann's terrible drama of "The Weavers." Sara Teasdale's winsome "Rivers to the Sea," Lance Corporal Joseph Lee's "Ballads of Battle" from the trenches in France, Robert W. Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," Gibson's "Battle and Other Poems," which reflects the experience of a comrade to Rupert Brooke in that horrible waste of life and treasure on the Dardanelles, and Masefield's "Salt Water Ballads," are among the poetry books of the year.

My reading, as it has been intensive, has been largely in this domain of current poetry, the quantity of which is astonishing, unparalleled without a doubt in the history of American literature. Of the quality let time decide. It is worth mentioning in an annual study that of two names that have done most in popularizing poetry, in collecting and promoting poetry, in making available to the common people the achievements of the poets, one is that of a woman and the other is the name of a colored man. W. S. Braithwaite, poetry editor of the *Boston Transcript*, who publishes his very valuable annual poetry Anthology, and has done so for several years, is a colored man, and Jessie Rittenhouse is a woman, a poet in her own right, who generously suppresses her gifts that she may promote an intelligent study of her colleagues. In another anthology, under the title of "High Tide," Mrs. Waldo Richards has given us a rare collection gleaned from the fields of current poetry.

Some of the names that seem to force themselves

to the front of this line are Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsey, Lincoln Colcord, Carl Sandburg, Witter Bynner and Richard Le Gallienne. Three of these it is claimed are Chicago discoveries, if not Chicago products. They represent largely what is called "free verse," but which some have called "shredded prose." I do not know whether they are going to stay with us or not. I have been trying to study them. I do not recoil from their defiance to form so much as I deplore, in certain quarters, a disposition to interpret human nature in terms of cynicism and material depreciation, an absence of the power to see human nature on its highest levels, or at least a disposition to interpret the lower and coarser levels in literature. I will not venture on a discussion but I have growing convictions.

The triumphs of the year on civic lines, if for a time we can stop our ears to the noise of cannon, have been most inspiring. The United States lived triumphantly through a great and exciting election in which the ballot was put to its severest test, and emerged unstained by violence and with a minimum of bitterness and hatred. Women have been exercising their rights of franchise without surprise, without flinching and simply as a matter of course, which is as it ought to be. The great civic revelation of the year has been the unparalleled sweep onward of the temperance movement. It has become international; it has been considered in the council chambers of warring people, it has swept states in its path and has been lifted out of the hands of "reformers" into the more effective, for the time being, hands of representatives of economics and business. Big business has declared itself against booze. A hundred and seven steel and iron producing firms have prohibited drinking by their employes. Sixty-three corporations, bent on business, have appointed out of their own numbers commissions to study the effect of alcohol in the shops. Ten mighty concerns have absolutely prohibited drinking anywhere in their service. The great Crane Company, which has its headquarters in Chicago, says, "We do not knowingly employ men who drink, nor advance them to positions of authority, if employed."

The South Chicago Steel Works have put over the door of their shop the legends, "Did booze ever do you any good?" "Did booze ever get you a better job?" The Joliet works announces that "Anyone using liquor on duty is promptly discharged." The *Brewers' Journal,* edited in the interest of beer, says frankly, reproachfully almost, that these institutions I speak of "do not care if this is social and economic slavery; the main object is to protect their pocketbooks." That much granted, we may be able to take care of the ethical argument.

Our morning papers will do full justice to the astounding "prosperity" of the city. The figures render an amateur, a non-expert, perfectly helpless. I do not know how to couple them with any ethical or social significance except to note this, that now, as always bankers' footings are no measure of domestic felicity, of national progress or of the well being of the race. They have no *necessary* connection; they have a *possible* connection.

The papers tell us with pride that the benefactions in charity of the United States last year amounted to one billion dollars, and that is offered as ample evidence of our generosity. But the same page of the paper flaunts the information that over two billion dollars have been stuffed into American pockets (that is the phrase) by the increase in stocks and dividends. The benefactions at their maximum amount to a little less than eight dollars per capita. Perhaps we have been generous, perhaps we are satisfied in our greed and our growth by these crumbs that have fallen from Dives' table which the European Lazarus has gladly and gratefully accepted. But, I submit, the footing is not conclusive, and it is well to remember that in the tides of prosperity 14,965 individuals took the short cut out of calamity into the mysterious beyond by their own hands, that 4,741 of them were women, and that the alleged cause of 1,083 was domestic infelicity. It is well to remember that there were 9,850 homicides, lives taken by the violent hands of their fellow men, a sad increase over the previous year. Fifteen and a quarter million dollars have been lost by embezzlement, stolen by dishonest men who had to do with figures. A hundred and fifteen executions took place in the United States, four less than the year before, a balance on the right side; only fifty-eight lynchings this year, four less than in the preceding year.

We have tried to celebrate the tercentenary of Shakespeare. There was an effort to make his name a political and national and patriotic asset, but the world claims its own. Shakespeare belongs to no nation and rebukes insularity everywhere.

We did take time up in Wisconsin at least to celebrate by a Dairy Exhibit the twenty-fifth anniversary of the discovery of the Babcock Milk Test, and did take time to realize that that achievement of the laboratory, the beneficent achievement of many years of study, lifted dairying into an exact science and the poorly organized farming industry has been enabled to realize co-operation more successfully, in more parts of the globe, than any other department of human industry, all through the achievement of a man who made equity and honesty a necessity in the milk business. This was an event in the year worthy of note.

But I cannot longer keep the war burden out of mind, and it would be mere hypocrisy to try to avoid it. In this country we have been suffering from what seems to me an hysteria of military anxiety. We have had a passion for "preparedness." If the great journals of the land, the almost unanimous voice of business and the silence in a large measure of the churches would signify, we are on the eve of a great military advance in the United States. This, though, remains true. There has been no throb of response to this demand for increased military service. The men who are so fearful do not themselves come forward to enlist. There is no evidence that there is any large number of the citizens of the United States anxious to join the military ranks or to have a campaign experience. This, I am disposed to interpret, is not for want of courage on the part of the young men of the United States, is not because our youths have become inbecile or timid, but because they are preoccupied with things more worth while. We have not an extra supply of no-account men who are willing to become American "Tommy Atkins" in times of peace. The hard, common, sober sense of the toilers, whether in the field or in the shop, will be ready, should the emergency come, to vindicate their integrity, and to fight with old-time courage; but if the experience of

the year proves anything, the United States has got beyond idle militarism. We have had our "parades," processions galore, we have had our warnings at great length, we have had our orators, but the recruiting stations, to say the least, have not been thronged. Three great, almost brand new battleships have been dismantled in order to find men enough to equip a newer one, a more brand new battleship. Congress may vote sums of money for an overwhelming standing army, but even Congress will hesitate before it ventures on a conscription in times of peace among men who are making good in shop and field, in school and in counting room. The United States has too much good work on hand to waste its boys in playing at soldiery.

For nearly two years and a half the most terrible war known in history has ravished Europe, slaying millions of its noblest youths in the most cruel manner. It has visited still deeper agony and profound injury upon the lives left in the devastated homes. The attendant destruction of property and entailment of financial burden upon unborn generations is incalculable and inconceivable by the human mind.

And still a settlement by the sword is apparently far off. "The Decisive Victory," so determinedly sought by the contending parties, has not been reached and is not in sight.

A purely military triumph is as undesirable as it is difficult. History and psychology show that such a settlement will leave an entailment of bitterness, a deposit of hate and humiliation, that would make a cessation of hostilities only a truce for the regaining of strength, and a renewal of equipment for another wage of battle.

But I believe that much has been accomplished by the war that ought to make for lasting peace between the nations now at strife. Through the bitterness of graves, the solemn, silent vigils of the night and the bloody sweat of the council chambers, the bleeding nations have been drawn together by at least the following bonds of sympathy:

1. A Brotherhood of Valor has been established across the battle line; the men in the trenches have learned to respect, may we not say love, such valiant foes. In this terrible strife no nation claims pre-eminence of courage, but all recognize in their antagonists foemen worthy of their steel, and many a man who has had experience in the trenches, has found his greatest exhilaration in extending comradeship and fellowship to his fellows in the other trenches; enemies are becoming allies.

2. Then there is an unquestioned Fellowship of Agony that represents the ingathering of the year. This Fellowship of Agony holds firm in its grasp the warring nations; all of them. "The voice of Rachel weeping for her children" is heard in all the belligerent lands.

3. There has been growing an unquestioned Guild of Sincerity, ponder my word, a Guild of Sincerity. All parties have been tried by fire and they have stood the test as only men profoundly in earnest can. At the end of 1916 no rational man can doubt that conscience has led the embattled hosts on both sides, and that a sense of duty has made devout the expectation that "The Lord of Hosts is on their side." This is a profoundly fertile fact to be dealt with. You know that I think they are all mistaken, but fortunately for human progress, conscience anticipates logic, the heart at times can be trusted when the head is confused.

Do not these counts then justify the hope that there has been growing on all sides a widening vision toward the future? Whatever bumptious jingoism there may have been in the patriotism that led to the war, it has been or is being burnt out as dross in the furnace, and the true metal has been fused and is being re-cast into the higher patriotism that blooms into an international consciousness, a pride in and a hope for the great things held in common by all the parties; the everlasting treasures of art, science and religion.

In view of all this, and in this solemn hour, I ask you to join with me in renewing our faith in the religion we profess and in declaring our allegiance to and belief in the same. The prophets of the Old Testament anticipated the high commitment of the Gospel in behalf of a peace based upon the common Fatherhood of God and the universal Brotherhood of man.

Friends and fellow worshippers, do we believe it? If so, now, if never before, it is our duty to speak out and make our religion felt in the counsels of the nations that we may hasten, in every way possible, that conference of the belligerent forces that will bring the day when these particular European swords will be beaten into plowshares and the injunction of the Nazarene be heeded; "Peter, put up thy sword!"

It is my profound conviction, deepened as you know by incessant study, endorsed as you know by your patient submission to my discussions here, that the era of the sword is passing, that it has failed in its arbitraments, that the era of reason and of love and science and co-operation is coming in, and that international comity is inevitable.

So I close my year's study with a firmer belief than ever that war is accursed, and I interpret in their fuller value year by year the testimony of those who know it best.

"Let us have peace!" was the agonized cry out of the heart of our own General Grant. "I tell you, gentlemen, war is hell!" said Sherman, and he knew it and never flinched. The "great Napoleon" said:

"The more I study the world the more I am convinced of the inability of force to create ANYTHING DURABLE. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and I myself have founded empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? They depended upon FORCE. Jesus Christ founded his empire upon LOVE and to this very day millions would die for him."

This is the sober second thought of one who looked back upon a terrible life, with its profound mistakes.

The European holocaust adds one more evidence to the fultility of war. Our own Mexican entanglement and our preparedness frenzy all plead with us to renew our faith that there is a better way. The very preparation for war now pursues the warrior into the laboratory. It is a question of geology, of chemistry, of high engineering, and the preparedness that would equip us for the brutality of the battle field is such as is exploited in the shop, in the schoolroom, and on the farm. Every boy who can manage an automobile is three-quarters an artilleryman today, and any man that can break a colt and raise a calf is good material even for the cavalry.

It is interesting to learn in these last days that there is a song of hopes set to music composed by a Welsh

boy, Ivor Novello, the son of Clara Novello-Davies of international musical fame, that is now being sung in every camp in the war zone, we are told, in six languages, and which is fast supplanting the meaningless lilt of Tipperary.

Keep the home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining,
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come home.

In the solemnity of this hour I wish you all a Happy New Year. Amen.

Book Notes

PHILIPPINE FOLK TALES. Mabel Cook Cole. Chicago, 1916: A. C. McClurg & Co. 16vo, pp. xv, 218. Price, $1.25.

In the interest of the Field Museum, Mr. Fay Cole spent four years among the Tinguian of Northern Luzon and others of the wilder native peoples of the Philippines. His wife accompanied him and shared the pleasures and the hardships of his work. The more serious scientific results of his investigations have been printed in various reports and journals. Mrs. Cole, however, also gathered material which she now offers in a pretty book of *Philippine Folk Tales*. Her stories represent five groups of peoples—Tinguian, Igorot, Wild Tribes of Mindanao, Moro, Christianized Tribes. In all she prints sixty-one stories, of which twenty-three are from the Tinguian. This is the tribe to which they gave the most attention and among whom they lived continuously for a considerable period. The tribe is made up of head-hunting, village-dwelling, rudely agricultural natives, who have many interesting ideas, superstitions and practices which are reflected in their stories. These Tinguian tales form the most valuable part of the book. Many of the other tales—as those of the Igorot, Subano and Moro—have already been printed and are here merely retold. The idea of bringing together stories from different Philippine populations is, however, a good one for comparative study. Stories from tribes in lower culture are usually called "folk-tales," but the term is in reality most properly applied to stories orally transmitted among peoples who have a written literature. The stories from the *Cristianos* ("Christianized tribes," Mrs. Cole calls them) are then the part of the book that most interests the folk-lorist as distinguished from the ethnographer. It is full time that a great collection of these should be made. They are interesting for their combination of three elements—a fundamental ancient Malayan foundation, somewhat recent influences from India and the southeast of Asia, and modification due to contact with European Christian ideas. The examples Mrs. Cole gives are fairly representative of this material, which is abundant in quantity and well deserves study.

FREDERICK STARR.

"To reach the depths of a heart," said Misery, "I follow in the footsteps of Happiness."

Illinois College at Jacksonville, Illinois

Thanks to achievements in athletic, scientific and social directions, the great universities of the United States have little need of special assistance in keeping themselves in the public eye. There is a growing feeling that the smaller institutions of learning, the modest, conservative, the satirically-called "fresh-water" colleges, are passing out of the appreciation of the educational world, and that the splendid work which has been accomplished in many of these smaller schools has much to do with the success of the best factors which form the foundations of social and civic excellence.

A few weeks ago UNITY published an account of Ripon College which attracted considerable attention among our readers, and it has been suggested that something of the same kind of attention might with propriety be paid to others of our smaller colleges, particularly those of the Mississippi Valley. Illinois College, located at Jacksonville, and the oldest of a long line, should perhaps lead the procession, and we hope that accounts from other such institutions may follow.

The little city of Jacksonville, Illinois, with its many rows of commodious old houses, a large proportion of which are in the southern style, and its avenues of magnificent elm, maple and sycamore trees, merging far overhead, so as to form miles of beautifully shaded streets, always claims the attention of a stranger on account of its mature age, speaking comparatively in this big western country of mushroom growth. Long before the "something" which we are assured

Always sings
In the mud and scum of things

became vocal in that almost bottomless abyss which is now the great City of Chicago, Jacksonville was a near neighbor to the old historical French town of Kaskaskia, knew Vandalia as the then capital of the state, and was populous enough to be chosen by wise men of the East as the location of the first institution of learning to be established in this country west of the Alleghanies, with the possible exception of the Western Reserve of Ohio. The Illinois College was founded in 1829 and opened the doors of its one building, now known as Beecher Hall, for the reception of students on January 4, 1830.

From the autobiography of one of the founders of this "College of Liberal Education and Christian Culture," Julian M. Sturtevant, who became president thereafter, we learn the very interesting history of the conditions which led to the building of this institution, and which, to some of us, gives a wider aspect to the American Home Missionary movement. As a student in the Theological Seminary of Yale College in the late 1820's, he says, "Our own country at that time presented considerations to candidates to the Christian ministry in some respects novel and striking. The people of the United States, then chiefly limited to the Atlantic slope, had just begun to realize that our population would ere long cover all the vast region of unequalled resources lying between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, and fill it with prosperous states. To the Christian patriot, this promise of the near future was a stimulus to greater activity in the work of home evangelization than had been before attained or even conceived. Nowhere was this new

impulse more powerfully felt than in our theological seminaries."

This was the condition out of which was formed an association among the Yale theological students from which were chosen two or more young men who, with the backing of the American Home Missionary Society, raised the ten thousand dollars deemed necessary as a financial nucleus and started for the wilds of Illinois. After weeks of hard travel by water and over almost impassable roads and trails, they found the town of Jacksonville, a village of only two years' growth from the naked prairie, the village itself being a huddle of log cabins clustered around a public square, and most of the people, about six hundred in number, lacking in both capital and habits of thrift. They found also, however, the prairie here breaking from its usual monotonous level into a variety of swelling hills, some of them adorned with very beautiful natural groves. On the crest of one of these hills a few progressive citizens had already chosen the beautiful site upon which Illinois College now stands and had begun the erection of a small two-story brick building already referred to.

Mr. Sturtevant, the sole professor of the institution when it first opened its doors, stood before the nine students who presented themselves, and his first words to them were: "We are here today to open a fountain where future generations may drink."

From that day to this the history of the college has been that of all small cradles of learning,—in the West at least,—a record of constant struggle, of financial strain, of almost insuperable obstacles and almost unbelievable enthusiasm and sacrifice on the part of those dedicated to the work. According to Mr. Sturtevant, the efforts to build up the institution were greatly obstructed and embarrassed by the ecclesiastical and sectarian conflicts which have hurt the work from the very beginning, and had not ceased to do so when the writer laid down his pen in his eighty-first year. Mr. Sturtevant declares that though initiated under the auspices of the association referred to, "it was never intended to be a Presbyterian or a Congregational institution, but a Christian institution, sacredly devoted to the interests of the Christian faith, universal freedom, and social order."

That this division and consequent weakening of Christian effort resulted later in largely giving over the control of our institutions of learning into the hands of the state and all the states, he considered one of the most bitter fruits of such sectarian divisions.

Again, the advance of this college was peculiarly affected by the growth of the abolition spirit and the resulting war, on account of the unique physical and national situation of the Southern part of this state. The population of this region in those early days was very largely of Southern origin, men who had crossed the line from Missouri or other slave-holding states because they preferred to live in a "free" state, but who, nevertheless, were determined not to recognize or mingle with emancipated negroes or to look upon them as equals before the law. They hated the aristocratic slave-holders left behind, but they equally objected to the free negro himself, and perhaps felt most bitterly against all persons suspected of favoring emancipation. The Lovejoy tragedy at Alton grew out of this state of feeling. William H. Herndon, Lincoln's friend and biographer, tells the story of the wave of indignation that swept over the country as a result of the Lovejoy murder and how he personally was caught in that wave. There are citizens still living in this little town who remember the mass meeting that was called upon the campus of the Illinois College to protest against that outrage, and what a splendid speech the young student Herndon made and how promptly it was followed by his being called home by an irate parent and his college plans rudely and permanently broken off. An incident is reported of a great public uprising in Jacksonville following the freeing of two slaves brought in by their master from Missouri for that purpose, and the forcible return across the river to renewed slavery of the one who was caught. The other escaped by the "underground railway," which had a station in this part of Illinois. The college numbered among its students many enthusiastic friends of the negro, indeed this sentiment was so strongly and forcibly expressed that the college was promplty christened an "engine of abolitionism."

Mr. Sturtevant refers to the appearance of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the greatest of all influences in clearing the minds and consciences of thinking men on this much absorbing and disturbing subject, breaking the unnatural spell upon men's freedom of utterance. The popular heart was stirred, old prejudices forgotten, and the few incorrigible devotees of slavery quite overpowered by the tide of public opinion, so that for the first time in the history of this part of the state, abolitionism became popular, and the other states and the nation knew for the first time just where Illinois stood.

To call the roll of all those who have gone out from Illinois College to obtain state-wide and even nation-wide reputation, would, we venture to say, show an efficiency much above the average of this class of institutions, although Illinois College, now doing its maximum work, is able to reach only about four hundred young men and women in its ministrations, the latter having been admitted within the last ten or fifteen years. Doctor Edward Beecher left his Boston pulpit to become its first president and held that position more than ten years. The "grand war governor" of Illinois, Richard Yates, was the first student to receive the degree of A. B. from Illinois College, and his son followed in his footsteps a generation later. Perhaps the most widely known alumnus of the college is William J. Bryan. Through all his public life he never lost his interest in his alma mater until, in its quest for the much needed endowment fund it accepted a donation from Mr. Carnegie. Then Mr. Bryan resigned his trusteeship. The name of John Wesley Powell, a former student, stands high in national scientific circles, particularly those interested in Geology and Ethnology. The public school system of Illinois, as it stands today, was founded by Newton Bateman, a graduate of Illinois College. Another graduate was E. W. Blatchford, a well-known representative business man of Chicago, and a supporter of many of Chicago's best educational forces. Doctor Samuel Willard, for over twenty-five years one of the best known educators in the high schools of Chicago, was arrested while a student of this college during the anti-slavery excitement, and the court records still show an indictment standing against him for harboring escaped slaves. Almost innumerable lawyers, doctors and members of other professions, including some notable farmers, have come out of this institution. We mention

only one of these, Robert D. Russell, not so widely known as his talented actor-brother, Sol Smith Russell, but leaving behind him, not only in Jacksonville but in the city of Minneapolis, a splendid record of service as a righteous judge and a shrewd, kindly friend of the oppressed.

A Campus Elm.

In September, 1904, the college celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. The notable conventions held that year at the St. Louis exposition made possible the attendance on this unique occasion of a number of personalities not often to be found at a local gathering. There was Hugo de Vries, the great scientist of Holland, there was the popular Scotch preacher, Hugh Black, there was David Starr Jordan of California, President Harper of the University of Chicago, and perhaps a dozen other presidents of universities and colleges scattered all over the country.

Corner of Chapel.

Not many years ago, with the assistance of Doctor D. K. Pearsons, Andrew Carnegie and Hobart W. Williams, the handful of former graduates and friends of the college were successful in establishing an endowment fund of something over half a million dollars, which, of course, assists greatly in giving confidence and permanence to plans and programs and places the establishment on a basis which justifies hope that its future, under the competent leadership of President Charles H. Rammelkamp, and his corps of assistants, may realize the high aspirations of the past.

"Old Beecher."

ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

Benjamin Franklin Trueblood

[The following are extracts from the oration of Mr. Beals at the funeral of Dr. Trueblood, at Newton Highlands, Mass., October 28, 1916. The entire oration is in pamphlet form and can be had by writing to The American Peace Society, Washington, D. C.]

Benjamin Franklin Trueblood, son of Joshua A. and Esther (Parker) Trueblood, was born November 25, 1847, in Salem, Indiana. In the same town, nine years earlier, John Hay first saw the light of day. On first thought it would seem simply a happy accident that a tiny Hoosier community, bearing a name—"Salem"—which signifies "Peace," should contribute to the world, within a single decade, two such renowned pacifists as America's great peace-making Secretary of State and the Western Hemisphere's most statesman-like Secretary of Peace.

Benjamin Trueblood's parents were members of the Society of Friends. The little lad's ears became attuned to the soft-toned "Thee," and he was taught to call the first day of the week not Sunday, but "First Day." In his later life he used to narrate a little anecdote which lightens up for us the obscurity of his quiet early childhood, and also illustrates the seriousness with which the Quaker regards the use of words. One day, being restrained by his father, who also commanded the little fellow to do something which he did not enjoy doing, his independent spirit flamed up in hot rebellion. In fierce anger he determined to roll out a defiant, wicked, volumious, self-satisfying oath. Mounting a fence, he shook his tiny fist at his father and exclaimed: "You! You! You! Sunday! Monday! Tuesday! Wednesday! Thursday! Friday! Saturday!" These were the most profane words the little Quaker ever had heard or could imagine. This was his first and last indulgence in profanity.

Young Trueblood prepared for college at the Friends Blue River Academy, near his native town. Entering Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, he graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1869. The same college a little later bestowed upon him his Master's degree. In 1890 the Iowa State University conferred upon him an LL.D., and Baylor University, Waco, Texas, in 1908, extended to him a similar honor.

After leaving college he studied theology, was made a minister of the Society of Friends, and became a college professor of Greek and Latin. On the 17th of July, 1872, he married Sarah H. Terrell, of New Vienna, Ohio. In 1874 Mr. Trueblood was called to the presidency of Wilmington (Ohio) College, which position he filled until 1879. In the latter year he became president of Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa, continuing as such until 1890.

The next two years he spent in Europe—most of the time in France. Of this period Robert Treat Paine tells us: "He was employed by the Christian Arbitration Society of Philadelphia to work in behalf of that society in Europe, giving some twenty addresses in different cities." The pastor of the McAll Mission in Paris thought that Dr. Trueblood spoke French more perfectly than any Englishman or any other American he had ever heard.

After these years of unconscious preparation, he was suddenly summoned to his life work. In January, 1892, Rev. Rowland B. Howard, Secretary of the American Peace Society, died of fever in Rome, which disease he had contracted while attending the International Peace Congress in that city. In May of the same year Dr. Trueblood was elected General Secretary of the American Peace Society, and for twenty-three years he faithfully, and with distinction, performed the active duties of his high office.

Not the least arduous and important function of his peace secretaryship was the editing of the Society's organ, *The Advocate of Peace,* which to this day is recognized as the ablest peace periodical in the world. Whoever would write or know the life and work of Dr. Trueblood must familiarize himself with the volumes of *The Advocate of Peace* for the last quarter of a century. A record of his work is there, but it is almost impersonally recorded. To sketch, ever so hastily, his career, would involve virtually the reproduction of *The Advocate's* table of contents for these years.

As an editor, Dr. Trueblood was not a carpenter or a patchwork-maker. His articles and editorials were not put together; they were living, growing, unfolding messages, unified, homogeneous, spontaneous; and his editorial power grew and improved as the years slipped by. From the pious parson and somewhat scholastic pedagogue he evolved into one of the keenest students of current history. Seldom was it necessary for him to reverse his judgments. He became one of the wisest of our present-day discerners of the world sky. Especially as a discriminating interpreter of the peace movement he had no equal in America, and probably none in the entire world; nor was any other so judicial and so just in estimating the value of the service rendered to the cause of international peace by the eminent men of the present generation and in the past. One of the foremost of living editors not long ago bore testimony that *The Advocate of Peace* had become indispensable to him because of its accuracy and reliability.

When one reviews the hundreds of editorials written by Dr. Trueblood, and when one remembers the depressing crises through which the peace movement passed during the period of the Doctor's editorship, one striking characteristic is noticeable, namely, the hopeful note running through all his articles. The prospect might be most disheartening, the sky might be black, peace workers might well be pardoned if they feared and were dismayed; but this mighty soul, towering above the fogs, took long looks ahead and was serenely confident.

As Secretary of the American Peace Society he was the official public spokesman and representative of that historic peace organization, and as such was constantly being called upon for addresses and lectures on all sorts of subjects and all sorts of occasions. For example, we find that in one year he delivered no less than forty public lectures and speeches. Does the National Reform Association meet in convention? Then Dr. Trueblood must remind the reformers of "The Nation's Responsibility for Peace." Does a southern lecture bureau wish to thunder forth a broadside from the heaviest peace artillery in the country? Then the genial Peace Secretary must turn suit-case dweller and campaign through Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina, firing off twenty-three lectures. Does a college, like Haverford, plan a Summer School of Religious History? Then must our peace interpreter prepare and deliver his well-known "Historic Development of the Peace Idea."

(*To be continued.*)

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

SALVATION NOT THROUGH HATE.

Not as a pacifist, but with a conviction that peace need not be a moral handicap, a writer in *The Churchman* (New York) warns us "not to be carried off our feet by any enthusiasm over the spiritual by-products of war." The injunction follows the statement made in Boston by the visiting Bishop of Worcester, England, that his country is experiencing a great religious revival; and the American writer urges us not to think from this that the salvation of a people lies "along the crimson path of hate." He continues:

"During the first months of the war, while we were reading glowing utterances concerning Europe's great renunciation, it must be confessed that we in America were made to feel a little ashamed of our snug security. Spiritually speaking, we felt 'out of it.' These nations were carrying heavy crosses; we were merely living from hand to mouth. Our preachers and moralists rebuked us for our sloth; they prophesied evil days for a people so unheroic. War, through which other nations were 'finding their souls,' had been denied us. It was almost made to appear that we were being denied also means of salvation. Not that these moralists proposed that we go to war merely as a spiritual exercise; God forbid! But none the less they seemed secretly to envy the spiritual fruits that other nations were harvesting from their anguish.

"Now, this gives a Christian people something grave to think about. Must a nation be repeatedly scourged into redemption by the heroic implement of war? Cannot our children become Christ's faithful soldiers and servants through the normal renunciations and heroisms of life? Are there not safely within our reach means for keeping the soul of a people heroic; so that while doing justice to the moral compensations of war, we can still judge it to be at best only a necessary evil?

"It is significant, in this connection, to note the changing tone in Europe and England regarding war. The ecstasy has gone; we hear now, rather, the dull notes of prolonged agony. They are 'just seeing it through.' From that blood-soaked world there is everywhere heard the moan of souls crushed by their crosses. Though the nations at war may 'have found their souls,' yet one clear, piercing cry is ascending from the whole war-ridden zone: 'Never for us or for our children must there be another war. Never this again!'"

However ungracious it may seem to analyze the ecstasy created by the sacrifices of war, avers the writer, it is our moral duty to do so. Especially because "the question is pertinent to the problem of a world peace with which the mind of Christendom is to be concerned at the close of the conflict." Moreover:

"The Christian Church must defend the conviction that the pursuits of peace are amply fitted to furnish discipline to a nation's youth. It cannot concede that war brings inspiration for chivalry and self-renunciation which the Gospel of Christ does not offer the humblest laborer in the land; or that men reared in a Christian community require the scourge of the trenches to keep them from becoming soft and sensuous.

"We who have been saved the chastisement of war are not denied means of saving our souls from decay. . . . . From the hearth of every Christian home, as well as from the battlefield, can come the hallowed cry: 'Oh, God, I give myself to Thee!' . . . .

"How peace is to be made a more heroic thing than we have made of it in the past we do not know. But because we believe in Christianity we know that it can be done. The English bishop tells us that his country is on the verge of extraordinary changes. America, too, must witness extraordinary changes unless we are willing to let our 'blessings of peace' mean merely a commercial asset and the release from all hindrance to ease."—*The Literary Digest.*

BABY WEEK.

1916 was Baby Year. That was settled once for all by the two thousand and more communities scattered over every state in the Union which observed the first nation-wide Baby Week. Forty-seven of the fifty cities with more than 100,000 population, and 700 villages and rural communities with less than 2,500 population had Baby Weeks.

The 1917 Baby Week bids fair to be an even bigger, more worth while celebration than last year's, but 1916 will keep the distinction of being the year when each community's provision for the welfare of its Babies was generally recognized as a serious civic responsibility.

The Children's Bureau at Washington has already recived numerous inquiries concerning the 1917 Baby Week, and the Bureau is making the following suggestions:

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Have your Baby Week from the 1st to the 6th of May, if possible. This date has been agreed upon by the Bureau and the General Federation of Women's Clubs as the time best adapted to the varying conditions of different states.

Remember the older babies. As one woman stated it:

"It requires only twelve months for a baby to become one year old and no longer subject to the hazards of 'infant mortality,' but there are still many risks for him to encounter; he is still absolutely helpless, although increasingly charming, and his parents are as eager to keep him well and happy, as desirous of sound advice, as they were last year. Open out the 1917 Baby Week to include all children still at home with their mothers."

Remember the mothers. Well-cared for, healthy mothers are necessary for the health and happiness of their babies. Find out what your community is doing to insure to every mother skilled advice and adequate care before her baby is born and during her confinement, and give the importance of protecting the mother a prominent place in the educational work of the campaign.

And one word to communities where infantile paralysis has been epidemic: Mothers should be urged to leave the baby at home during Baby Week. Any feature of the campaign involving the bringing together of numbers of babies must of course be omitted, but such features are not essential to the interest and success of a campaign. And Baby Week will afford an excellent opportunity for giving information as to the proper physical training of children with paralyzed muscles.

The Children's Bureau has a bulletin of suggestions for Baby Week campaigns which may be had upon request, and it is now preparing a revised edition describing the interesting new features reported from the 1916 campaigns.

U. S. Department of Labor,
Washington, D. C.

"Messages for the Times" No. 3

The Challenge to America

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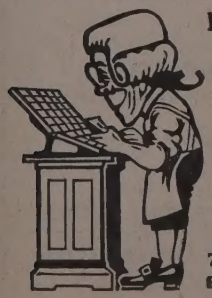

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A FEW COMMENTS

It is a splendid piece of work and I hope it may reach a large audience.
PROF. ARNOLD B. HALL,
Sec'y Wis. Peace Society.

I thank you very much for sending me Mr. Jones' attractive new work; we have begun reading it at Chicago Commons Vespers, so that all may share the pleasure it is giving me. GRAHAM TAYLOR.

I read the articles as they appeared in UNITY, and rejoice over having them in book form. L. E. STEARNS, Milwaukee,
Library Expert and Lecturer.

Am going to have my pupils in geography use your book for each country as they come to it. A CHICAGO TEACHER.

The writer presents his argument in terms of both seer and scientific observer; the big hopes and glowing diction of poet and prophet are balanced by common sense and rational induction.
—*Chicago Post.*

I take great delight in dipping into the book. What a high intellectual and moral level it attains! I am astounded at the knowledge it reveals and the sympathy it manifests. With its spirit, war would have been impossible. REV. JAMES G. TOWNSEND,
Jamestown, N. Y.

I read some of these noble addresses when they first appeared, and I am particularly glad to have them in book form.
RABBI STEPHEN WISE.

I sat up into the wee small hours, reading with increasing interest, and wondering how the author did it. Sleep demanded its toll before I had finished the last two chapters. I cannot find words to say with what joy I read those last pages on the following morning.
REV. ARTHUR WEATHERLY,
Lincoln, Neb.

I have read your charming little book and am in hearty sympathy with all its utterances, as real Christians must be.
JAMES M. WHITON,
New York City.

Your fine-spirited little book of love has done me good and I am sure will help in the most important of all works just now—the creation of just and kindly feeling. REV. WM. P. MERRILL,
Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City.

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Dominic Fabis, head office boy at the general headquarters of the Allied Bazaar, Suite 562 Monadnock Block, was proud in the possession of an autoped the other day. It was donated to the War Relief Clearing House Booth of the Bazaar by Miss Martha Wilson. Dominic took great pleasure in riding it up and down in the corridors of the big building and was greatly disappointed when it was taken to the warehouse to be held until the Bazaar opens in the Coliseum on January 11. It will be sold on shares and promises to gladden the heart of some boy. It is the latest thing in locomotion and is propelled by a gas engine.

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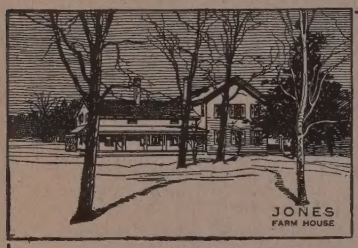

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